

A Girl From Buttonwillow

Clyde is a little paunchy
and starting a cataract
but he still looks good for sixty-five. Sits
on the patio and talks of the past
to a visiting widowed friend.
His face takes on the expression of yesterday.

"Jack, I used to go with a girl from Buttonwillow.
Prettiest thing you ever seen. I was crazy about her.
She liked me too. I could tell. She didn't say much,
but she kept goin' to the show with me every Saturday
night."

He paused,

"I bet you anything we would have married
if she hadn't met
that oilfield worker with a steady job." He adjusted
his belt
with its large silver buckle.

"Poor girl. I don't blame her. Them was hard times.
H.A.R.D. A man with a regular paycheck looked
better to a girl
than a fellow with a cottonsack across his
shoulder."

Wilma Elizabeth McDaniel